

"Rich and rare were the gems he wore."

"You will see him after a little while, and if you interrogate him, or are a close observer of human nature, will observe that his yoke is sweet and his burden light."

There are different branches of this ancient and historic order of Benedictines, but this is the only one in which the original rule of the illustrious founder is observed to the letter.

With the other observances of this peculiar mode of life I am not sufficiently acquainted, and though I were, I have not sufficient time to refer to them. Suffice it to say that the day is divided up into a series of duties, with the strictest economy. Some are teaching, some walking about in deep meditation, or kneeling about in silent prayer before the altar, some working in the fields, some at various trades, some many miles away in the active work of the mission, but all always occupied, and reflecting in their faces, withal, that spirit of peace which reigns unbroken and supreme. It is a wonderful life, for whose observance I cannot account in any other way than by regarding it as the result of supernatural power.

What a contrast to Mormonism!

Well, I believe I can remain no longer a Latter-Day Saint. Their sanctity has indeed come a kind of late in the day, but though I am a free man as yet, unfettered by the ties of matrimony, I fear I have not the courage to put on the manacles and chains of monastic life.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,
And as my courage fails me, I will not climb at all.
I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowed churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Yours, etc.,

J. J. C.

Home.

The prince rides up to the palace gates,
And his eyes with tears are dim,
For he thinks of the beggar maiden sweet
Who may never wed with him.
For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small,
And there's many a splendid palace
That's never a home at all.

The yeoman comes to his little cot
With a song when day is done,
For his dearie is standing in the door,
And his children to meet him run.
For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small,
And there's many a stately mansion
That's never a home at all.

Could I but live with my own sweetheart
In a hut with sanded floor,
I'd be richer far than a loveless man
With fame and a golden store.
For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small,
And a cottage lighted by Lovelight
Is the dearest home of all.

—George Horton, in *Catholic News*.

Leo Taxill.

If the last condensed work—a book of 200 pages—of Leo Taxill was in the hand of every man in the country, it would work wonderful changes, and Masons and non-Masons would learn some wonderful and almost incredible lessons. Any Catholic bookstore can furnish it for 35 cents. Read it and loan it to your neighbor, even should he be a Mason. How long will Taxill live after that book?—*Kans. Cath.*

It often happens that mere activity is a waste of time. People who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters; while, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.

Hamerton.